

ing you the address of my sister," he explained. "She is a widow, young, lonely. I am sure she would find you a brighter home than this wretched place."

Then Madam Jacobs came in. The young man stated his business. He was Arlo Willis, his sister was Mrs. Ivan Neal. The latter had removed from a former home. A great part of its old furniture, the varied contents of a lumber room, had been sold. Among some papers, old papers that had been thrown out from the old furniture, was a certain document the caller wished to recover.

The second-hand dealer who had bought the stuff had informed him that all the old carpets, rags and paper had been sold to Jacobs. Could madam recall the transaction, Mr. Willis inquired quite anxiously.

"Scarcely," she told him, but the watchful Floribel noted a quick eager gleam in her basilisk eyes. "I will search, though," she promised, "and let you know. The document, sir—"

"Is a number of folded blue sheets, tied with a faded white ribbon. It is marked 'W.'"

"I will report to you," pledged madam, and took his card, and he left the gruesome place, but not until he had bestowed a kindly parting glance at Floribel.

Then she dreamed. All life seemed radiant. It was as if some royal prince had entered a squalid Cinderella hut, leaving behind him a rare memory of bewildering sensations. Poor child! Love budded in her tender heart, in her very humility she worshiped at its shrine.

Floribel treasured the card. She memorized the names upon it. Could the vision indicated by her courteous visitor ever come true? To have such friends, to be cared for amid cleanliness and comfort—she thought not of opulence or luxury — just to be near such sweet natures, to toll for them, to love them—this, simply, was the aspiration of her childlike, loyal nature!

All that afternoon the madam poked and ferreted about the place. When her husband came home she held a spirited, low-toned conversation with him. Then both of them proceeded to ransack pile after pile of hitherto unassorted wreckage.

A quick token of interest came into the mind of Floribel, as she saw them hastening to the wretched room dignified as the office of the old toppling warehouse. The names of "Willis," "Neal" floated to her hearing, cautiously spoken. She gained a court where she could overhear what was said.

"It's the paper," she heard the madam say, "and it is worth a fortune."

"How do you know?" spoke the rasping tones of old Jacobs.

"I have read it. A family secret, man—an old scandal that these rich people would surely give a fortune to suppress. Ah, we are rich, rich, rich at last!"

Guileless as to the ways of the world as Floribel was, she realized from what followed that her avaricious guardians were bent on a vast blackmailing scheme. Her mind woke up to the immensity of the occasion.

To celebrate their discovering a fortune the old man and woman sent out for liquor. It was long after dark, when they sank into a sodden sleep, Floribel approached the recumbent madam.

She had noticed where she had secreted the blue colored document with a white ribbon encircling it, just as Mr. Willis had described. Her eyes grew brilliant as two stars as she secured the precious paper. She thrust it into her bosom.

Over and over again she repeated the name and address that Arlo Willis had written on the card.

Floribel rarely went out of the wretched building where she had toiled so hard. It was a bitter cold night and her ragged shoes and thin covering poorly kept at bay the fierce, biting frost. Twice as she hurried along she felt as if she would sink to